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"Go preach the kingdom of God!" The testimony of eternal truth.

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{ G. A. LOMAS, EDITOR,
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No. 12.

"WHAT LACK I YET?"

JAMES G. RUSSELL.

Good master, what would'st thou have me to do,
That I may have eternal life in thee?
I seek a part within thy kingdom new;
What further sacrifice remains for me?
The things that thou hast mentioned—all have I
Most sacredly observed, and ever set
My heart intent on godliness, whereby
I would in truth be free: what lack I yet?
Loved one—the goodly master now responds—
If perfect thou would'st be, go sell thine all,
And give unto the poor, release their bonds,
Then come and follow me. Most blessed call!
And yet behold the sorrowful effect!
The sacrifice too great, for great indeed
Were earth's possessions, thus to resurrect
And unto God the miser'd soul to lead.
Away the anxious face with sorrow turns,
With feelings of dismay and deep regret,
Though for eternal life the spirit yearns—
Comes forth in words of grief—much lack I yet!
Ah, is the sacrifice too great to make?
A life of worldliness to lay aside?
The christian pathway cheerfully to take?
And in the loving grace of God abide?
Thou surely shalt have treasures stored in heaven,
If cheerfully the price thou'lt fully pay.
If unto God thy time and strength be given,
To walk with care the self-denying way,
Though worldly riches be the selfish part,
That calls for sacrifice, though great or small,
Or be the idol sinfulness of heart,
That seeks indulgence, allied to the fall;
Whatever be the part for sacrifice,
If God's pure love is all in all to thee,
From worldly loves and pleasures thou may'st rise,
And in my kingdom have a part with me.

NOTES BY THE WAY.—No. 12.

H. C. BLINN.

I could probably have no better subject for my closing "notes" in our little missionary of "Good News," than that which has for some time past had a growing interest in our mountain home. As strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that a revival of the temperance question, as belonging expressly to our order, has been occupying the minds of both old and young.

Quite a number from our family attended the State Temperance Convention, and heard many earnest and faithful advocates for the cause. We also heard, and some of us for the first time, the recital of those wrongs and sufferings which arise from the use of alcoholic drinks. While we listened, we pitied, as we knew many were asking others to do what they were unable to accomplish themselves.

We knew, also, that we already belonged to an order that sought earnestly to cultivate the principles of temperance through the blessings of the cross of Christ. Privileged, as we are, to live among the "sober, righteous and godly in this present world," many who are young had not the least idea of the sorrow and shame intemperance was bring-

ing to the thousands of young men and women.

The sad confession which some made of their first steps in wrong by drinking beer or cider, and from this going on and on with alcoholic drinks till they finally ended as confirmed drunkards, has awakened a thought in many young minds of the danger there is, not only in the drinking of beer and cider, but in a habit only a fraction less reprehensible, and that is, the chewing and smoking of tobacco. Better never begin.

It has been said that "the error of a moment is often the sorrow of a life;" and perhaps this is never more fully realized than in the cases of those who, from lack of moral courage, yield themselves a prey to the irreligious or unprincipled.

Intemperance has really become a burden in the land. The inordinate desire which many have for external appearances, as the furnishing of their residences, their articles of apparel, the expense of their table, the cigars to be smoked, the liquor to be drank, obliges them to spend large sums of money belonging to themselves or others. All the injury to others, and the ruin to themselves, arising from this intemperate course, is now termed "Liabilities." The word embodies every form of dissipation.

But I must bear in mind the Editor's advice, and not be too lengthy.

DUPLICITY.

ANNA ERVIN.

A distinguished divine inquires: "Who is the prophet that shall uncover the abysses of our acted lies?" Were this ever true of those who profess to be christians? When is the rugged, truth-speaking, christian time coming? are queries of no trifling moment; when all shall be what they seem, and cease to seem what they are not. Have you ever socially trusted another from appearances implicitly, and afterwards been rejected for no good and sufficient reason? How liable are such lessons of experience to make us doubtful of human fidelity. A friend, in whose presence we may not think aloud, should be regarded as an acquaintance, but never trusted as a true friend. Let all earnestly strive to make this life as productive of good as it shall be when duplicity, dissembling and hypocrisy are only known as *things that were, and are not*.

GLORIES OF MT. LEBANON.

F. W. EVANS.

For sixty and nine years I have lived, moved and had my being in this mundane sphere. During all that time, I have not seen so perfect a year for weather as 1877 has thus far proved to be. Lights and shades, heat and cold, rain and drouth have alternated each other, keeping our hopes and fears all the time in action. Yet no harm has befallen us. Neither flood nor rain, frost nor blight, hail storm nor heat has harmed us in the holy mountain. Is our climate improving? progressing? or to what shall we attribute a constant succession of enjoyable days and nights, without a drawback?

I am an unfailing friend of the weather; never fail to be inwardly thankful for its abundance; never grumble at it, nor call it wicked names; do not complain when it is hot nor cold, nor, under any circumstances, do I utter disrespectful phrases about it; when it is a pleasant day, never call it "a weather breeder!" nor forget the good of to-day in dark forebodings of to-morrow. In fact, I enjoy the weather, more especially *American weather*, in our temperate zone—cannot imagine anything more perfect than the weather that we have been blessed with in 1877! It has been a continual feast of good things, filling our hearts with gratitude and praise, as water flowing from a fountain. All the elements seem tuned to harmony—full of blessing.

To be in unison with God, with the people of God, with all the visible heavens and earth, is happiness—is life to a devotional, worshipful spirit.

Were I a poet, I would sing the perfection of Mt. Lebanon weather, as against all the earth. Mosquitoes cannot live in it—flies are simply harmless scavengers—snakes are a pleasant curiosity—centipedes and gallinippers as rare as wolves, bears, panthers or tigers. The absent evils, that we know only by name, are replaced with pure mountain springs of water, so good that no excuse remains to us, as is so common to the west and south, to put into our drink some foreign substance. Temperance is our normal condition. The air we breathe into our lungs is pure as the love that fills our hearts.

Whether it be England or Scotland, France or Italy, California or Texas, Louisiana or Kentucky, or even Maine

or New Hampshire, we can still see some inflection to which we are not subject,—something undesirable, that we have not.

Is it not good to be so fully established in our own minds, and to realize that whatever good we do thus possess, it is not at the expense of our neighbors? None are the poorer for it, nor the sufferers by it.

NOT BY OBSERVATION.

MARCIA HASTINGS.

"The kingdom of God cometh not by observation." By observation, we have found this to be true. Persons do not receive the baptism of the holy spirit immediately and exclusively through the intellect. It reaches first in its validity the soul, and there begins its operation. The intellect may and should be a power to weigh the consistency of all tenets of religion which the spirit accepts; but seldom, if ever, does it supersede the soul's feeling; the non-reasoning, absorbent, faculty of intuition. Reason may sit as judge to determine the efficacy of bias in conscience; regulate the enthusiasm that commonly attends newly received truths, and help to sift the manifestation thereof. But whoever depends on intellect alone for conviction and conversion, will wait long before the illumination manifests itself to effect the new birth. When the testimony of cleansing truth shall reach a sincere seeker after righteousness—a soul sick of sin and weary of the dominance of animal appetites—groping in human blindness, and intently desiring emancipation, then that soul will hardly stop for logic or nice points in argument; yet may profitably obey the injunction to "try the spirit," and the witness will appear; will be unmistakably felt, that the kingdom of God is within reach. "If ye do the works, then shall ye know of the doctrine;" and if ye will accept the testimony of those who confidently report from experience, this rich knowledge, and confirmation, happy will ye be in finding yourselves in a way to possess the pearl of great price, the inheritance of righteousness, "the kingdom of God which cometh not by observation."

Canterbury, N. H.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity.

IS THIS CHRIST OUR EXAMPLER?

SERMON BY ADAM BALLOU.

“But I am asked, what is there in Christ or his religion so very important and indispensable to human happiness? I answer, A true and perfect righteousness—Godward, manward, soulward, earthward and heavenward. He was righteous in all these directions, righteous in his ruling motives, his principles, his spirit, his conduct and his character. Every human being must become righteous in all these respects, or be unhappy to the extent he falls short of the pattern. Christ's religion governs man internally. It presides in a region which no human law, power, or system of arrangement, can reach. It deals with the inmost springs of human thought, desire, feeling and action—with the loves, affections, passions and sentimental emotions from which issue forth all the external manifestations of life. Its business is to purify, regulate and reduce to true order the heart, its will, its motives and ruling principles—in a word, to render the soul internally wise and good, and so the outward life. Thus it promotes and insures, what nothing else without it can—absolute happiness.

Why are we miserable? Because some law of divine order has been transgressed by ourselves or others. But why have we, or others, transgressed? Because some motive, affection or thought inside our souls is out of order. All external sins are germinated within. This is Christ's doctrine, and it is the immutable truth. Therefore his religion begins at the beginning, and insists on making clean the inside, that the outside may be clean also.

If I analyze the internal, when I have sinned and been rendered unhappy, I find one or more of the following specified evils in me:

1. Carelessness, indifference, irreverence toward the Divine and spiritual—prayerlessness, unwatchfulness, ingratitude, distrust of Providence.
2. Pride, self-will, rebellion against God's law and order, and a disposition to self-indulgence, regardless of the wholesome cross—with a propensity to ignore or disregard the rights, feelings, wants and co-equal welfare of others.
3. A disposition to set up and promote my own good, regardless of the supreme, universal good, and the perfect law of eternal rectitude, so as to care less for absolute right, and for the happiness of others, than my own will.
4. The continued indulgence of some desire, passion or lust, which I know to be wrong, and which I abhor, but which I have not yet the virtue to subdue.
5. Fretfulness, resentment or revenge, on account of some wrong done me, whereby I am inclined to return evil for evil, and not to love my enemy with that pure love which seeks nothing but his highest good—also impatience, in some form, with what is offensive or disagreeable to me.

These and kindred ones I believe to be the internal springs of sin and misery in all mankind. Jesus completely overcame them all. He recognized, revered, loved, obeyed and trusted in the Father with his whole heart. He was habitually prayerful, watchful, spiritually minded and conscientiously scrupulous to do the Divine will—to execute and discharge all his personal responsibilities. He teaches his disciples to follow him, and do likewise, promising to help them effectually in all their struggles and weaknesses. He was not proud, self-willed nor rebellious against divine law, but humble, meek, lowly, self-denying for righteousness' sake; tender-hearted towards all, and ever regardless of their welfare—full of self-sacrifice in doing good to their bodies and spirits. He went always for truth, for divine principles, for the universal good, and the eternal right, even to the laying down of his life, rather than prefer himself, or any selfish advantage. He loved absolute righteousness perfectly. He teaches his disciples to take up the cross daily, to deny themselves for principle's sake, and to follow him as the Lamb of God, if need be unto death—assuring them of eternal life and final triumph.

He had the desires and passions common to human nature, but he subordinated them all to divine order, in spite of the most seductive and urgent temptations, till it became his meat and drink to do right; though in so doing he deprived himself of many gratifications naturally dear to human nature, to secure a permanent home wherein to lay his head; voluntarily making himself a victim of persecution, and poor, that mankind through his poverty and sufferings might be made rich unto eternal life. O, how unselfish!

Moreover, while he was so pure, so self-sacrificing, so devoted to uncompromising truth and righteousness, he was as harmless as he was holy. He indulged in no resentment, nor moroseness, nor revenge against his persecutors. He loved them still, and wept for them, even when he rebuked their wickedness most severely. He forgave their trespasses until seventy times seven. He returned not evil for evil unto his bitterest foe. He was the unchangeable friend of his worst enemies, and his glorious soul went out from the agonies of the cross, into paradise with prayer for his murderers, saying, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Now where is the candid soul that is not prompted to exclaim with the centurion, “Truly, this man was the Son of God!”

I am well aware that those who claim to have out-

grown Jesus will demur to all this. They profess to find defects in his character which unfit him to be the religious master and moral model of mankind. Such contend that they reject his personal authority conscientiously, on account of those defects. But I have carefully examined all their criticisms without finding a single allegation well founded. In every case, he is misrepresented, or an unwarrantable inference is drawn, or the so-called defect is a real excellence.

WRITE FOR HUMANITY'S GOOD.

Beloved Editor:—I fully recognize the fact that a person may be educated in ideas, but not in letters; and that you desire to have nothing kept back that may be of real benefit to mankind, from the author's consciousness of his inability to present it in a fitting external dress. You are amply paid for deciphering illegible manuscripts, and reducing them to form, when, as the result of your labors, you find yourself in possession of a prize. Nevertheless, I cannot be the worse, and may be the better, for a few hints to guide others in writing for THE SHAKER:

1. Not to attempt writing for the benefit of humanity, unless there is something important welling up in my heart—not my head—and struggling to get out. Until this is the case, whatever I may think, there will be no message to deliver.

2. Be sparing of points. Punctuate no further than is necessary to be understood, and leave the rest to the printer. Dots and dashes, which many writers throw between words wherever they suspect a pause may be needed, are a crying vexation and a nuisance to editor, type-setter and proof-reader.

3. Pack the thoughts. An important communication need not necessarily be long; frequently the ideas of a whole column of a newspaper might be compressed into two inches of space, with advantage to both reader and author. An idea is weakened by being crowded with words. A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass, made as solid as a cannon ball, and like the projectile, cut all down before it. Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers, and are more widely copied, than long ones. Pack the thoughts closely, and though the article may be brief, it will have weight, and will be more likely to make an impression. Use black ink.

Yours, truly, DANIEL ORCUTT.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Our thanks are due to Bro. Orcutt for these timely hints. In our new volume, we cannot use long articles. Contributors must “pack their thoughts;” or, if we use their contributions, we must shorten them by erasure or division. *Memento.*

CHRISTIAN LIGHT.

MARIA WITHAM.

There is a light which beams from heaven,
On life's short, evil day;
It cheers the pathway of the just,
And guides us on our way.
How it illuminates the soul
With joy, and peace, and love!
Disperses every gloomy doubt,
Directs our thoughts above!
And who enjoys this glorious boon
Which shineth from on high?
The Christian! soldier of the cross,
Who does not fear to die.

THE definition of the Religious Communities given by the Boston Commonwealth deserves frequent repetition. It is the best we have come across: “They are churches which clothe their members in a material as well as a spiritual sense.” Give a better one if you can.

A SHAKER HOME.

A. C. STICKNEY.

“O the blessing of a home where old and young dwell kindly;
The young unweaned, the old unchilled, in unreserved communion.”
—Martin F. Tupper.

Thus the poet sings, and this, perchance, was the ideal picture, at which our friend was looking, when contemplating the kind of a home best suited for her dear niece. We give below a few extracts from a letter addressed to the latter, by her aunt, who had chosen a home for her among the Shakers.

“My dear Niece: I received your last letter with great pleasure. Am glad that you like the place and people; hope you will like both more and more, until you feel settled for life. I say this, believing your soul will be cared for as well as your body.

Remember, dear one, you have a soul to save, and God even, cannot save it for you, unless you repent of your sins and consecrate your life to Him. He requires that you give your heart to Him, though it may be a small and poor gift. You are now away from the allurements of the world, in just the place to serve God with your whole heart. O give him your heart, and learn to love your Savior.

I suppose, to-day, that you are dressed like a real Shaker, and I have been praying that when you put on your Shaker dress, God will clothe your heart with its righteousness.”

And so He will clothe all hearts, that, ere they assume the Shaker dress, will strive to earn this righteousness, by cleansing the same through confession and repentance for past sins. Verily, “God helps those who help themselves.”

NOTHING IS LOST.

CECELIA DEVY.

Scatter bright jewels like hail on the mountain,
Like rain that falls fast on the valley below,
Though like the snow that dissolves in the fountain,
They pass from your vision, still, still let them go.

Nothing is lost in the outward creation,
Change is the law that to nature is given,
Nothing shall fail in the work of salvation,
Progress shall bring us the kingdom of heaven.

We may be up and awake in the morning,
Doing the work that is needful at home,
Or we may sleep through the light that is dawning,
Yet unimpeded its glory will come.

Who would awake to the light that is blinding?
Who would be called to the sluggard's reward?
Who would be sowing in season of binding?
Who would be dead in the day of the Lord?

Surely not those who are called by the spirit,
Heavenly treasures on earth to obtain,
Those who the life everlasting inherit,
By faith that will cleanse them from every stain.

THE SABBATH OF REST.

The benefit of a day of rest, in a religious point of view, lies in this:

The suspension of a man's business for a day is a suspension, more or less, of his temptations to dishonesty on that day. That makes Sunday to some extent, a spiritual Sabbath for him. Temptations are removable in two ways: one, through removal of evil desire; the other, through removal of possible opportunity for the gratification of desire. The former process is permanent and brings an eternal Sabbath. The latter is temporary, and comes to an end whenever temptation recurs.

Thus it is that labor of the body comes to correspond to labor of the soul, and the body's struggle for existence to the soul's struggle, and the repose of the one to the repose of the other.

Sunday may be called with justice a sort of truce day. Not in a bad sense: it does not suggest a compromise with the enemy; but it does suggest that the enemy has vanished for the time.

One may wish and think and do the best on Sunday as easily as on any other day. But on the whole and generally, he has then far less temptation. We must except always those whose consciences are mainly formed by customs and human opinions, and who get but little from the Word of God direct. It is possible that these—indeed they themselves assert it—find on Sunday more temptation than in all the week besides.

Sunday is a day for good resolutions. Without irony and in all seriousness, there is nothing so restful as to resolve. In resolves, the ideal has full play: resolution is the Christian's fairy-land. All this is well. What is not well is to mistake the Sunday mood for the eternal Sabbath. That Sabbath is the practical fulfillment of the ideal: it is resolution accomplished in life: it is the imaginary reproduced in the real, and the entrance into that Sabbath is through the six week-days only.

It is sometimes said that Sunday's chief use is in religious instruction. This use is very great at the present time, and with our present habits. But the need of a rest-day for the soul's behoof is one which

will exist as long as the human race, or as long as man's only road to spiritual victory lies through spiritual combat. The time may come when religious instruction will be imparted as much on one day as another; but the time can never come when all respite from temptation can be dispensed with.

What will give Sunday in the New Age this value, which it has never generally before been felt to possess, is a growing perception that the battle-field between hell and heaven is not mainly in the closet nor the church-pew, but in the shop, in the garden, in the bank and at the bar. Six days of the body's hard work make the seventh really restful: and this is just as true of the soul. No labor, no rest: that rule is in the nature of all things.—Marston Niles in the N. J. Messenger.

THE MYSTERY OF PUNCTUATION.

The art of punctuation is really one of the simplest of the accidents of literature; yet to most people it seems an impenetrable mystery. Many writers of high reputation make the wildest work in attempting to punctuate their own manuscript. Indeed, most of the punctuation in books is that of the proof-reader, not that of the author. This, however, is not wonderful; for if the secrets of the proof-reader's den were revealed, the reading public would be astonished to learn that that useful but invisible functionary often supplies for writers of reputation not only all the punctuation but also a great deal of the spelling and correct English. It is popularly supposed that all printers are accomplished punctuators; but in truth they are not. The best of them will punctuate ordinary narrative tolerably well; but if anything more elaborate is left to their mercies, they are apt to make strange work of it. A good proof-reader can of course punctuate when he understands the sense; but frequently the meaning is equivocal until the proper points are supplied, and he can only guess at the author's intention. Every one who writes for other eyes than his own, though nothing but occasional letters, should punctuate systematically. The great obstacle to this is the assumption that there is something very mysterious and abstruse in the proper distribution of those troublesome little dots and scratches. The best general rule for punctuation is this: Read your article or letter aloud, making your inflections conform as accurately as possible to the sense you wish to convey; and wherever you make a pause mark a corresponding one in the manuscript. Do not mark one where you do not make one in reading. Nearly all manuscript, and a good deal of printed matter, is punctuated too much. If you can use periods and commas correctly—which, easy as it seems, is rarely done—you will get along very well with any simple composition. Semicolons and dashes belong rather to the elegancies of punctuation. Three fourths of all the semicolons that ought to be used are required before clauses beginning with “for” or “but,” assigning a reason for, or noting an exception to, the statement that immediately precedes. Dashes, which many writers scatter about in such reckless profusion, should be used very sparingly. They generally indicate that the sense which is interrupted by some necessary intervening explanation, is resumed farther along. When several enumerated particulars, taken together, are in apposition with a single word or clause that precedes or follows, they should be separated from it with a dash. These two cases cover almost entirely the proper use of that punctuation mark with whose wholesale abuse manuscripts are so generally disfigured. When you are in doubt as to the necessity of a point, by all means omit it. Other things being equal, that is best English which requires least punctuation.

LAWYERS AND DOCTORS.

A litigation once arose in the university of Cambridge, whether doctors in law or doctors in medicine should hold precedence. The chancellor asked whether the thief or the hangman preceded at the execution, and on being told that the thief usually took the lead, “Well then” “let the doctors of the law have the precedence, and let the doctors in medicine be next in rank.”

VULGAR TALK.

The hopeful student who translated these words of Horace, "I hate profaneness and vulgarity," was better posted in ethics than in parsing Latin; for, if he expressed his real sentiment, he (and a great many of him) is badly needed now.

The amount of vulgar speech that is to be heard among certain classes of our people is astonishing and humiliating. We do not affirm, we do not believe that the evil is increasing and is greater than in former times; for one cannot do much looking into the past without coming upon this foulness in prodigious abundance. But, letting alone any such comparison, the mischief is a great one now; greater, doubtless, than most of our readers are aware of. This their ignorance is fortunate and wholesome. It is a restriction upon the plague to keep away from it, and not to know thus what it is. The places and the men infected are not safe for resort or companionship. To hold deliberately aloof from them, besides protecting ourselves, may be also one of the most effective means of putting reproof upon the evil where it exists in others. Occasions will arise, however, upon which a man, in spite of his wishes, will learn something as to this abomination. He must take care at such times not only that he is in no wise pleased with what he hears, but also that he does not seem to be. The admixture, often made, of wit with vulgarity may place one at some disadvantage in this respect, by its provocation to laughter; and there are difficulties here, as everywhere, in drawing the lines of absolute propriety. But, practically and in general, it is not difficult to tell when the point of a story or a remark lies in what is vulgar in it; and in all such cases the treatment is not doubtful. These admixtures, too, are not to be encouraged; and there is wit enough in the world that is not low; or there may be, and we may help, if we please, to make more.

Christian men need not be falsely delicate and squeamish; but they ought to be and must be pure and decent and decorous, and, even if they are cast into low company, they should be able to show in face and bearing that they have not left their honor and decency behind them. We will only add that persons prominent in professional or public life may sometimes constitute very low company, and that in these cases there is at least as much need as in any other that one should take care of his manliness and self-respect.—*The Congregationalist*.

RELIGION OR LEGISLATION WANTED.—The plain, unvarnished tale supplied by our special correspondent now among the Pennsylvania miners cannot be read with indifference by any just or humane man. We speak of "hard times" when it becomes necessary to forego some luxury, to deny ourselves some familiar pleasure, and to reduce our general standard of expenditure. We complain when pinched to keep up appearances, and repine at the hardship which invades our comfort. In and around the coal fields of an adjoining state, however, are tens of thousands of working men who, with their families, are on the verge of starvation. A large proportion are unemployed; those that have work are paid so scantily that what they earn barely keeps soul and body together. The picture of squalor and wretchedness, of hunger and nakedness, is shocking enough to touch the hardest heart. It is made more painful by the fact that some of the companies add to the miseries of their people by the enforcement of the truck system. There may be reasons for suspending work in some cases, and for reducing wages in others, but the greed which prompts employers of labor to squeeze out of it the beggarly pittance through the agency of store pay admits of no excuse. It is an infamy which the law in other countries has suppressed.—*New York Times*.

HERE IS RELIGION.—Mysterious is a woman's way. Several weeks ago, a lady, with a bright face and pleasing manner, elegantly dressed, arrived in Columbus, O., and after breakfasting at a hotel, went to a station house to apply for a lodging. She was given a cell on the first floor, with the privilege of the prison, and she immediately began to brighten the lives of the poor prisoners. She made a decisive onslaught on the cockroaches and on the bed-bugs by scrubbing her cell again and again. When the wood work was as neat as soap and water could make it, she hung some pictures on the walls, and every day she has a bouquet of fresh flowers. She has books in her cell, and sometimes she takes a short walk, but whenever there is anything to be done for any prisoner, she is ready to do it. When a drunken woman is brought in and laid on the floor, the strange lady busies herself during the night in bathing the poor creature's head, rubbing her hands and feet, and bringing her to her better self. The expense to the city of keeping this ministering angel in its prison is not great: She lives on bread and water.

LET US CONSIDER.

SARAH A. NEAL.

Our earthly summer is past, and our material harvest ended. Providence has blest us with an abundant growth of those substances which we have largely garnered for the sustenance of our physical beings. By exertion, we have saved much of earthly treasures, and, comparatively speaking, perhaps lost little; for all which we have cause to feel truly thankful. But in what ratio does our spiritual harvest agree with our material? During the past seed-time and harvest, how ardent have been our exertions to sow the seeds of truth, that we might realize their growth, and harvest the effects thereof? And how great is the realization within our own souls, that we have been saved from worldly sins, that have afflicted humanity from earliest recollections, and have lost to the various consequences of these sins! Let us consider. Creation is now preparing to enter a season, when its entire forces need to rest on its basic germ, to sustain vitality through a chilling test, preparatory to the evolution of a new seed-time and harvest. In this season, life's foundational principles are strengthened by the return forces, and held in readiness to perform new service at the dawn of a new seed-time. And surely, this season comes to intellectual creation with no less meaning, than a time for meditation and reflection. A time for mental exercise, and deep soul-labor, through which humanity should become better conditioned to evolve the principles of the new life, first made manifest by Jesus, the Christ. Earth rolls her rapid seasons round; they come and they retire; and each successive year brings with it a new seed-time that leads to a future harvest; and so are new opportunities yearly coming to those of us who are toiling in spiritual fields, to sow anew the seeds of divine faith; and to cultivate with care, that their growth may be even unto perfection and our harvest a bountiful yield!

Let us consider, while the earth-win-

ter lasts, that it is ours, as with all creation, to prepare for the coming of a new seed time, and be ready at its dawn to enter our spiritual fields, with a zeal truly becoming christian workers; that we may realize, as the season rolls on, a superior growth of virtue, that shall betoken the golden harvest. But now is our time to prepare for more active service; for deeper consecration; and for a fuller sacrifice of our entire beings to the cause of truth; and may we be wise and well consider our day.

Shakers, N. Y.

TIME AS A WEAVER.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

"How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud!" —Young.

Time with a swift momentum flies,
As through life's web his shuttle flies;
Twining the fibers that fate has spun,
All through the years since life begun;
Threading the woof of hours and days,
Drawn through our devious winding ways;
Gathering the tangled ends of time,
Weaving them all in rhythmic chime;
Bending the broken ends of thought,
Each by his skillful fingers caught.
Soon shall thy garment woven be,
Ere thou shalt enter Eternity.
But, O thou mortal! be not proud,
Time with his shuttle weaves thy shroud.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

As a number of Ministers were assembled to discuss different questions, among others it was asked how the command "Pray without ceasing," could be complied with. Various suppositions were stated, and at length one of the number was appointed to write upon the subject and read it at their next meeting; which being overheard by a sensible little girl, she exclaimed! "What, a whole month wanted to explain the meaning of that text! It is one of the easiest and best texts in the Bible." "Well," said an aged divine, "Mary, what can you say about it? Can you pray all the time?" "O, yes sir." "What, when you have so much to do?" "Why, sir, the more I have to do the more I can pray." "Indeed! Mary, let us know how it is, for most people think otherwise." "Well, when I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, Lord open the eyes of my understanding to behold wondrous things out of thy law. And when I am washing, I pray that I may be washed, sanctified and justified in the name of the Lord. And while dressing, I pray to be clothed with humility. And as I begin my work I pray for strength equal to my day, and when I kindle the fire I pray that the love of God may burn in my heart. While I sweep the house I pray that my heart may be cleansed from all impurity. And while partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna and sincere milk of the word. And when with the children I look up to God as my Father and pray for the spirit of adoption, that I may be his child; and all day, everything I do furnishes something for prayer."—*Selected*.

THE SHAKER REMEDY.

AM. SOCIALIST.

One of the editors of the *Albany Morning Express*, has visited Mt. Lebanon and held conferences with Elder Frederick W. Evans. When the editor asked the Elder to propose a remedy for the political disease "which threatens the very life of the nation," the latter said:

"In all seriousness, I ask you to look at the material laws and lives of Shakerdom. Here is a village of several hundred people. For fifty or a hundred years we have lived here, prosperous, contented, happy. We have tilled the land, and year after year put back upon it that which necessity and comfort did not require. Now it blooms like the fairest garden. During all these years of our existence, we have never spent a penny for police, for lawyers, for judges, for poorhouses, for penal institutions, or any of the other 'improvements' of the outside world. We have our quarrels, our differences, our ambitions, like other men, but we settle them in a loving, brotherly manner, by gentle arbitration, by crucifixion of the spirit and unselfishness. Therefore, we find police, courts of law, and jails, not only useless, but degrading. We never have used them, and with God's help, never shall. But we claim to be no better than other men or women. Not a bit. We are just the same as any other six hundred you will find in any part of the country. What we claim is, that our system is better; and it is that which gives us content, prosperity, happiness. If, then, this village of six hundred can exist for a century in peace and plenty, why can not any other village of six hundred, any town of six thousand, any city of six hundred thousand? We have demonstrated it to be possible, and what are we better than any other men?"

INDIANS LEARNING THE ARTS OF PEACE.

GEN. MCCLELLAN IN N. Y. WORLD.

Speaking of the peaceful methods of dealing with Indians, have you heard of the success of the little training school at St. Augustine, Fla.? About forty or fifty of the worst cases for such treatment—Camanches, Apaches, and other southern Indians—were brought as prisoners to St. Augustine, and have since been drilled by military rule and square. The prisoners were treated kindly but with unmistakable firmness and decision. I understand that they constitute now a well-ordered little colony in the garrison town. They have been taught to build little cottages, to cultivate the ground and to live at peace with one another. They have a printing press among them and all attend school. Some have shown a taste for the simple manufactures and arts, and all are employed in some useful and profitable manner. If these most unpromising cases, at first look, could be so trained, I think that there is reason to believe that the condition of other hostile Indians could be as readily changed for the better if they could once be brought under strict military supervision.

SUPERIOR REFLECTIONS.

The *Interior* says that "bigotry" means holding the views of those who are a shade more conservative than ourselves. Nonsense. There are hundreds and thousands in all denominations, from the loosest to the strictest, who are not bigots in any sense. Bigotry is the lack of Christian charity toward those who differ from us in matters of religious belief.

THE TIME IS SHORT.

The time is short; the more the reason, then, For filling it as full as it can hold
With thrills of beauty, yearnings for the truth,
And joys of love and labor manifold.

Then should it chance, as we would fain believe,

Life's glory waits us in some other sphere,
Its first great joy shall be we did not miss
God's meaning in the glory that is here.

HONEY FROM THE SCRIPTURES.—Do not think it enough if you learn to spell and read, and to say the words of the Scriptures, but seek to learn the truth of the Scriptures. Do as the bees do. A bee, when it sees a flower, does not fly round and round it, and then fly off again, like foolish, idle butterflies. It settles on a flower and sucks the honey out of it. You should do as the bees do; you should settle your thoughts on what you read, and try to suck the honey out of it. Almost every verse in the New Testament has its honey. Almost every verse contains a spiritual truth, fit to nourish some soul or other.

That may be right which is not pleasant, and pleasant which is not right; but Christ's religion is both.—*Matthew Henry*.

The sun colors the sky most deeply and diffusely when he hath sunk below the horizon; and they who never said, "How beneficently he shines;" say at last, "How brightly he set!"—*Landon*.

MINISTERING.

Pure religion and undefiled is "ministering"—not that other thing, "being ministered unto." It is handing over the morning paper to another for first perusal. It is vacating a pleasant seat by the fire for one who comes in chilled. It is giving up the most restful armchair or sofa, for one who is weary. It is moving up in a pew to let a new-comer sit down by the entrance. It is rising from your place to lower a curtain or close a blind when the sun's ray streams in too brightly upon some face in the circle. It is giving your own time and convenience every time, for the comfort and convenience of another. This is at once true courtesy and genuine christianity.

If we mean to copy the spirit of the Savior, we must be ready in every hour of the day, to give up being waited upon, and to practice this self-sacrificing beneficent and "ministering" graciousness of spirit and conduct.—*Rev. A. L. Stone, in Pacific Methodist*.

LOOK PLEASANT, BE PLEASANT.—If people will only notice, they will be amazed to find how much a really enjoyable evening owes to smiles. But very few consider what an important symbol of fine intellect and of fine feeling they are. Yet all smiles, after childhood, are things of education. Savages do not smile; coarse, brutal, cruel men may laugh, but they seldom smile. It is painful to reflect how seldom the poor smile. The affluence, the benediction, the radiance, which "fill the silence like a speech"—the smile of a full, appreciative heart. The face grows finer as it listens, and then breaks into sunshine instead of words, has a subtle, charming influence universally felt, though seldom understood or acknowledged. Lord Bacon tells of a nobleman whom he knew; a man who gave lordly entertainments, but always suffered some sarcastic personality to "mar a good dinner," adding, "Discretion of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words; for he that hath a satirical vein, making others afraid of his wit, hath need to be afraid of others' memory."

THE SHAKER.

Monthly—60 cents per annum.

A DUAL ADVOCATE OF CHRIST PRINCIPLES.

THE IMPELLING MOTIVE.

We would call to mind the object for which THE SHAKER is published and continued, at an expense much greater than the income derived. Surely it is for no one's pastime; nor for competition in excellence of anything, except the exposition of a most excellent faith. Our faith is a singular one—singular, because so few are willing to practice real, unmixed christianity. Every device that can be offered to excuse individuals from looking the demands of genuine christianity in the face, are being resorted to by the multitude, and consequently there is but little salvation from sin, active among the people. *Real, Christian life, will save souls from their sins now.* We feel it a duty to make known this truth; and would preach through THE SHAKER, plain, unvarnished, pertinently christian testimony, however unpalatable to ourselves or others. Before us all stands the LIFE of Jesus, the Christ. In that life is christianity alone represented—therein alone, is the true christian religion. It matters not to us, nor to others, what this one or that one preached or meant by the preaching, Paul not excepted, but what was the life of Jesus, and his immediate disciples, as christians? Herein is the security of salvation; herein alone is all the religion worth having. For this alone THE SHAKER contends single handed; while its hundreds of religious contemporaries are preaching a christianity *not found in the life of Christ*, but in the very opposite of Christ's life! Shall we be sustained in preaching *genuine* christianity? Who will send us the needed encouragement to sustain THE SHAKER, in its unrelenting, determined assaults upon the principalities of evil, the world, the flesh, and every *unchristian* practice—the devils among the people! We love our fellowmen, and our object only is, their salvation

from the evils and the good which are not of Christ—unpracticed by the beautiful Jesus! Who will lend to the Lord, by aiding the circulation of THE SHAKER?

CLOSE OF VOL. 7.—OUR VOL. 8.

In closing, with this number, Vol. 7 of THE SHAKER, we want to add "GOD SPEED" to the thousands of readers who blessed our labors, and comforted our spirit, by their active prayers and contributions. If any have aught but blessing and encouragement for the circulation of God's WORD and SHAKER TESTIMONY by THE SHAKER—and there may be such—we have only kindness in our hearts for them; they know not what they do; they cannot, at the proper time, *refuse their reward*. We have given to it our best life and endeavors, however imperfect these have been. We feel satisfied with the comfortable reward of this consciousness; and the best of courage for the work of the future. We are unsalaried, but feel well paid. We beg, however, for the immediate settlement of past subscriptions, and instant renewal, with an increase. Give the CAUSE a dime, a day, or a dollar!

TAKE NOTICE: We mean to pleasantly surprise all who subscribe for Vol. 8, by *additional improvements and attractions*. THE TESTIMONY WILL BE THE SAME; but there will be a change of form, more space, more departments, more desirable information, more of everything that is good. Times are improving financially; do not fail to devote SIXTY CENTS for VOL. 8 of THE SHAKER. Show the first illustrated number to your neighbors and friends. Send us an *advertisement*, no matter how small nor for how short a period. We will make yearly visits *free* to every one sending us an advertisement. So confident are we of being called to the good work of circulating THE SHAKER, that we believe every subscriber will feel especial blessings from the heavens for their interests in its behalf. Remember, the music alone will be worth more than the subscription price!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HOW NEARLY CHRISTIAN?

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania declares that "Christianity is part of the common law of the State; and waiving all question of hereafter, it is the purest system of morality, the foremost auxiliary, and only stable support of all human laws?" We suppose nearly or quite every State in the Union makes a similar claim. But wherein can we see any christianity operative in the laws of any State? Is it not an eye for an eye, life for a life, and such like dealings, after the manner of Judaism? Wherein does any State bring riches and poverty upon a level, after the christian pattern? or even does half as well in this as Judaism did? Wherein does any State oppose war or warlike preparations, as taught by christianity? Does

any State *encourage* the growth of *virgin purity*, as did the friends of christianity? True, almost or quite every State *permits* these principles to be observed by those who would be christians; but the States are in no particulars christian in administration of their laws; nor in the particular encouragement of christian principles. If any State should begin to be as equitable and just in its administration as Judaism of old was, people would think the Millennium come! We urge the trial of it.

The editor of *Sunday School Times*, in an article on Brigham Young, says: "It is possible for a man to be sincere, and as far from right. There is hardly any limit to the wild fanaticism of a deluded, religious enthusiast." Then he goes on to name, as such, several of the most prominent reformers, beginning with Mohammed, ending with John H. Noyes, and including Ann Lee! We looked in vain for the name of that distinguished religious enthusiast, Jesus of Nazareth! but it was not there. Again, we must assert: Ann Lee's zeal, wild, fanatical, deluded, religious and enthusiastic as it may have been, never exceeded the same characteristics in Jesus; nor ever aimed at any purer life, through any more self-denials, than were practiced by Jesus. We would ask Editor Trumbull, wherein did Ann Lee's testimony differ from that of Jesus? Wherein, her christian life? Wherein, the testimony she has left for her children, or their lives when obedient to it? Wherein do the lives of true Shakers differ from the lives of those composing that model church—the Pentecostal? Until the differences are declared, we ask the *consideration of all men*, whether, because we are good enough to follow Jesus and his immediate disciples so literally, we should be maligned and ridiculed? And what a testimony the living Shaker is to the whole unchristian world!

The Common Sense, a spicy monthly, printed at St. Louis, gives up in despair when thinking how very differently professedly christian sects believe. "The Shaker christians refuse to propagate, while the Mormon and worldly christians cannot propagate too much." It was Henry C. Wright who spoke in New Haven: "I cannot see how any believer in the Old Testament can come to any other conclusion than that of the Mormons; nor do I see how it is possible for any believer in the New Testament to arrive at any other conclusion than that of the Shakers! Jesus and Paul taught and practiced celibacy. Were Paul living to-day, in my opinion, judging from his writings, he would be a thorough-going, first-class Shaker!" Our opinion of christians is, they are such as follow Jesus and his immediate disciples in life—not merely in admiration. If Mormons, worldly people, or Shakers, take pattern of Jesus, then are they christians, not otherwise. The Old Testament treats particularly of the old man—Adam and his descendants.

The New Testament as particularly rises up to the new man—Jesus, the Christ—and "old things are done away, all things become new," like unto Jesus. No man nor woman can, at one and the same time, worship the God of the Old Testament and the God of the New. One teaches human propagation; private, personal interests; retaliations and wars; politics, etc. The other teaches *Celibacy*; universal brotherhood—community of goods—*Peace*; non-resistance; and separation from the world. Which of these two classes is christian? "Choose ye, which ye will serve; for ye are the servant of him to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey."

Some one, zealous in behalf of Shaker principles, has been "contending for the faith," by writing letters to the *Voice of the Angels*, a Spiritual paper, published in Boston. Just how successful their logic was, we do not know; but extracts in type speak very favorable, and perhaps the weakest portions were printed. *But we must condemn the silly practice of sending anonymous communications.* We have no means of knowing who wrote these letters, as care was taken to leave off even the postal address! We esteem honor and propriety so highly among the brethren, that we are ashamed to own that they were indited in any of the Societies. We prefer to believe they were the work of an ex-Shaker. But, whoever it was, let your light shine over your own name. Do not engage in the disreputable practice of being ashamed of seeing your name attached to any defence of Christ and his words.

We hope, that in every issue of THE SHAKER, there will appear evidences of what is true Shaker belief; so that none, getting hold of a stray copy, but may therein find something that will teach "What any must do to be a Shaker."

A VIRGIN CELIBACY: It is the life for christians—the life of the heavens.

COMMUNION OF INTERESTS: None rich; none poor; the whole comfortable.

PEACE; NON-RESISTANCE: "Bless, and curse not." "Resist not evil."

SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD: From its loves, lusts; from its bad and its good.

FOLLOW JESUS, THE CHRIST, in our daily life. Natural inclinations prompt us otherwise; make us believe it impossible, unnecessary. But the "follow me" of Jesus means a life like his,—very unlike the ones our natural inclinations select—very unlike the life of the world.

NOTICE.

Any parties desiring fuller information of "THE SHAKERS," "SHAKERISM," "ANN LEE AND HER PEOPLE," SHAKER COMMUNISM AND LIFE," or on any points not fully understood, may be accommodated by a lecturer, (where expenses in transitu will be offered and paid,) on application at this office. If inconsistent to comply ourselves, we will secure better speakers, singers, etc.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

EDITH.

I trust that many of us have proved from experience the truth of the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy;" and have also learned that it is the safest principle upon which to found an honorable character for life.

My little friends, are we not aware that one of the greatest causes for so much sorrow and failure in this world, is dishonesty? Perhaps the first error in a person's life, was the false statement of some simple anecdote in childhood, which carelessly passed over without correction, led to greater untruths; and so by one step and another, he became habitually deceitful and dishonest.

Little children, will you take this friendly warning—Never lie down to rest at night with the slightest misstatement unconfessed. If you have been careless, repent before it is too late; begin now to be honest. If we continue to live dishonestly we shall lose the blessing of God, the confidence of our friends, forget to pray, and finally drift away from the good and pure. Let us be wise, shun the first temptation, and thus save ourselves years of sorrow and regret. Canterbury, N. H.

BOOK TABLE.

We would call especial attention to **THE PEOPLE**, a weekly paper, published by Chas. C. Pearson of Concord, N. H. It is an excellent family paper; brim full of news; enterprising in its every department, even in its politics! Our relations with the firm and **THE PEOPLE**, have been of a very pleasant character, and we only do duty when we make known to our readers, that as a *New Hampshire* paper, it is unexcelled.

The best farm, stock and garden paper in our country, or in any other as far as we know, is **THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN**, published by Luther Tucker of Son, Albany, N. Y. With the farmers who are successful in business, it is as readily and commonly found as is their Bible, and what the Bible should be to the morals of the community at large, such is the *Country Gentleman* to the farm and garden. We will send it and **THE SHAKER** for its subscription price, \$2.50. Send us your orders.

Christianity and Infidelity: A Discussion. Herein are the pro and con of Christianity pretty fully ventilated. The weakness of the affirmative side, is certainly manifested, because of its being an argument for a Christianity, not radical and true, but man-made. Half-way work in regard to Christianity, or arguments in its behalf, leave pregnable the positions of any advocate, to the javelins of the most radical infidel. Pure Christianity is an impregnable position. Those who are fond of such arguments, send to D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth street, New York.

"THE RADICAL REVIEW."

for November contains many very interesting articles upon radically humane subjects. Prominent among many others are "So Railway Kings tick for an Empire, do they?" and "The Spirit that was of Jesus." Whoever is in earnest, as a worker for human weal, will do well to secure a copy of this REVIEW, and they will then feel fully equipped. Send to Benjamin R. Tucker, New Bedford, Mass.

"NOT IF IT WAS MY BOY"

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost, and care, and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little, when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"

"Not if it was MY boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "My boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they ever will repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand; but "My boy,"—it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor, wandering, outcast, homeless man, is one whom some fond mother called, "My Boy." Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebody's daughter, in her days of childish innocence. To-day somebody's son is a hungry outcast, pressed to the very verge of crime and sin. To-day somebody's daughter is a weary, helpless wanderer, driven by necessity into the paths that lead to death. Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "My Boy;" not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost.

—The Common People.

CROOKED STICKS.

One crooked stick in a pile of wood is sufficient to disturb the whole heap, and if two or three such sticks are placed together you cannot make them lie: they will tumble down. Nothing can be more trying to the woodman or the housewife than these crooked sticks. Who can abide them?

There are some individuals in society who are always finding fault with everything which they do not originate themselves. They cannot get on harmoniously and help forward any good cause, because something goes wrong. Unless they can manage everything in their own way, they will do nothing but to be perpetually grumbling. They are uncomfortable brethren—you cannot work with them,—crooked sticks—you can harmonize them in nothing.

Such individuals have a mortal disease, of a very troublesome if not dangerous character. It is difficult to trace its origin, but we suppose the moral system to be affected more or less with the virulent humors of selfishness, jealousy, self-conceit, pride of opinion and ill nature. We know not exactly what to call it, but suppose the grumbling hypochondriasis may not be amiss. We venture to prescribe a remedy:

Take of Humility, 3 grains,
Forbearance, 1 ounce,
Charity, 3 scruples,
Brotherly love, 2 drachms,
Patience, 3 ounces:

Mix in 3 gills of the milk of human kindness. To be kept on hand, and taken whenever the grumbling symptoms appear. If the paroxysms continue, increase the strength of the prescription by a little self-knowledge.

NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do!" in this world of ours,
Where weeds spring up with fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day!

"Nothing to do!" thou christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole;
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,
Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day;
There are foes to meet within and without,
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach
The simplest form of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure with loving wile,
From the grimmest haunts of Sin's delf.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" And thy Savior said,
"Follow thou Me, in the path I tread."
Lord, lend Thy help the journey through,
Lest faint, we cry, "So much to do."
—The Nation.

USELESS EXPENSES.

THE Louisville Courier-Journal propounds the following: "Why should this government, in times of profound peace, maintain a general and a lieutenant-general and their glittering establishments, at a cost of perhaps \$75,000 a year, when a major-general, with his glittering establishment, at a cost, say of \$10,000 a year, would do just as well? But if you go on hunting up such conundrums as this, you will rob the government of the luxury of uselessly squandering at least \$50,000,000 per annum.

WHY THE RICH ARE MISERABLE.

In his speech at the recent award of the Montyon prize for virtue, M. Alexander Dumas discussed the reason why rich people are miserable, and came to the conclusion that it is because they do not sufficiently devote their wealth to making others happy. One of the passages runs thus: "The kingdom she has long inhabited is no longer of this world; it knows no limits or frontiers, no foreigners or enemies, no victors or vanquished; all who inhabit it are the children of one father, whose name is Charity."

POETRY.

We have been extremely sorry to learn from our experience as an editor that a very common folly, and one of the most unaccountable, is the desire among a great many people to write poetry. There are many things of literary excellence that poetry may lack; it may be defective in grammar, coined and curious words may be forgiven, fantastic and difficult antitheses and illustrations may be allowed; but there must be genius. It has been our fate to be tormented by correspondents who have all these things that may be forgiven, and more, too, they lack genius, which cannot be forgiven. As a rule these correspondents mistake a fit of sentimentalism for the divine afflatus; they are a good, solid, common-sense people with a little bit of "inner consciousness," which while it does not amount to a poetic frenzy yet gives them a trouble which can only be assuaged by spoiling good white paper and worrying the Editor. If this be a relief, we will stand it. But they must not be angry if we do not allow them to parade their folly before a less gentle critic—the public.

Never make a promise when the power of performing that promise depends on another.

LIVE-STOCK ITEMS.

Mistakes in managing horses, even when of an apparently trivial nature, are often the cause of much needless suffering and permanent injury. Of these a few that are common just about this time are: bathing the feet of horses to cool them off when heated by hard work; watering them immediately after meals when about to start on a journey, instead of waiting a while, or letting them drink before feeding; giving them, through mistaken kindness, an extra feed before driving them at a rapid pace, and so forcing them to travel on an overloaded stomach; starting to fair or market at a swinging trot, while the animals are fresh and full of feed, instead of letting them settle slowly down to their work; and cruelly omitting to cover them when heated after a rapid drive, and so exposing them to much suffering while the reckless driver is enjoying himself.—*Rural, N. Y.*

The advantage of kindness to cows has been frequently insisted on in these pages, and is well illustrated by the following anecdote: A man had a fine cow that, week after week, was milked alternately by a couple of hired men. He observed that the amount of butter he carried weighed about a pound more each alternate week. He watched the men, and tried the cow after they had finished milking; but always found that no milk had been left in the teats. Finally he asked the Scotch girl who took care of the milk, if she could account for the difference. "Why, yes," said she. "When Jim milks, he says to the old cow: 'So; my pretty muley; so!' But when Sam milks, he hits her on the hip with the edge of the pail, and says: 'H'ist, you old brute!'"

Oats for horses should be bruised or crushed in a mill before being fed, for by this means their nutritive properties are rendered far more available. When there are no facilities for crushing, pour hot water on them, and let them soak for a few hours.

The qualities of hay are pithily stated in the old saying: "timothy for muscle; clover for milk; corn for fat." Hence timothy is the hay for horses and young stock; and clover for milk cows. People are generally too reckless in feeding cattle promiscuously with whatever they have to give them, without taking much pains to make a proper selection.

The communications of farmers are always the most valuable matter in any paper; they deal with practical details, familiar to the man who comes face to face with difficulties and overcomes them. The editor can select such items of news or general interest as he thinks will be interesting and useful; but to build up a truly useful and practical paper, must rely very largely upon the assistance of practical men.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

DUTY.

The path of duty is the way to glory;
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outbredden
All voluptuous garden roses,
The path of Duty is the way to glory;
He that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining table lands,
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
—Tennyson.

We must not be in a hurry, when a man falls, to say: "That man is a corrupt old hypocrite."

There are a great many things which men register in their journals as the work of the devil, that are nothing but the work of a disordered stomach.

OLLAPODRIDA.

An unpleasant sort of arithmetic—Division among families.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

The height of impudence—taking refuge from the rain in an umbrella shop.

Ignorance has no light; error follows a false one.

He is the greatest who chooses to do right at all times.

He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

Severity breeds fear, but roughness engenders hate.

We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.

Whoever conquers indolence can conquer most things.

Pleasures come like oxen, and go away like post-horses.

Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.

Vanity is a strong drink that makes all virtues stagger.

He that despiseth small things shall fall little by little.

Never apologize for a long letter; you only add to its length.

Those who know the least of others think the most of themselves.

Men sometimes think they hate flattery; but they only hate the manner of it.

Never speak evil of any one. Be charitable in thought, and give even the worst people the benefit of a doubt.

The cultivation of the heart should be like that of the garden, where we prune and weed before we begin to plant.

To neglect at any time preparations for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age is to sleep at an attack.

Dupes, indeed, are many; but of all dupes, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped.

It is better to need relief than to want the heart to give it.

He that finds a thing, steals it if he endeavors not to restore it.

If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody's else.

To be at once in any great degree loved and praised is truly rare.

Greatness may build the tomb, but goodness must make the epitaph.

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.

There is a certain decorum even in grief; for excess of sorrow is as foolish as profuse laughter.

It is good to respect ancient foundations, but we are not, on that account, to neglect founding something in our turn.

Vanity, like laudanum, and other poisonous medicine, is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities.

Very few in the world have their passions adequately occupied; almost everybody has it in them to be better than they are.

In this world there is one thing godlike—the essence of all that ever was or ever will be godlike in this world—the veneration of human worth by the hearts of men.

To be in company with those we love, satisfies us; it does not signify whether we speak to them or not, whether we think on them or indifferent things; to be near them is all.

The King of Austria has 187 diamonds, yet he can't make a wood-box, put up stove-pipes, nor paint the kitchen floor.

Josh Billings says: "Success don't consist in never making blunders, but never making the same one the second time."

A Yankee humorist, who had a hard time of it, says: "When a man begins to go down hill, he finds everything greased for the occasion."

Our most indifferent actions have the impress of individuality; we may convey an impression not to be effaced for years, by an unconsidered word or gesture.

Revenge is a momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenge, entails a perpetual pleasure.

The world never keeps faith with the heart that trusts it. Its promises of happiness are perpetually broken. Take it for what it is worth, and set your affections on what is worth more.

A Japanese student, newly arrived in this country, thought we were all doctors, because everybody took his hand and asked after his health.

John Ruskin says the art of making yourself rich in the ordinary mercantile economists' sense, is equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbors poor.

A French statistician places the number of human beings who have been killed or lost their lives by camp diseases, in connection with the wars of the nineteenth century, at two hundred millions. This is nearly five times as large as the entire population of the United States.

Christians are like the several flowers in a garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which, being shaken with the wind, they let fall at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of each other.

We ought to think much more of walking in the right path, than of reaching our end. We should desire virtue more than success. If by one wrong deed we could accomplish the liberation of millions, and in no other way, we ought to feel that this good, for which, perhaps, we had prayed with an agony of desire, was denied us by God, was reserved for other times and other hands.—*Channing.*

There are a million natural laws of which we know nothing. We are gradually learning them as we find out where beans are in the dark—by feeling a thumb, by discovering that there is something in the way.

When you get an apple that is half rotten, the other half being as good as though the whole were sound, then you can get a Christian that is rotten on one side, who is as good on the other side as if both sides were good.

I have seen persons so violently indignant at missteps in others, that I suspected all the virtue they had was at the window.

He was as tender as a woman—or rather, I should have said, he lacked the toughness of a woman; for, slender and shrinking as women are, when troubles come they are almost the only persons who are tough of heart. They are tender of skin, but inside they are strong as iron.

Do you know that the way for men to build themselves up is to be ground to powder?

It is likewise to be remembered that no man has a right to prophecy good as a consequence of deception.

Love sits as God's vicegerent in the soul, and I will not fight with my brethren.

It is a man dying with his harness on that angels love to take.—*Beccher.*

The Tribune says, "An Amherst Granger offered a young lady a bushel of potatoes if she would wheel them through the village at the hour when the students were loafing. She came to time, wheeled the potatoes home, and asked the Granger to let her know when he had more to dispose of in that way." Good for her! We have no doubt that she is a plucky young lady, and not less a lady on account of her pluck.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPIRIT MATERIALIZATIONS.

CANAAN, N. Y., Dec. 4.

Dear Shaker:—Business having called me, in company with two Sisters, to Utica, N. Y., and remaining three days, we attended three materialization seances of the Eddy mediums, who were stopping there. As the public mind is in a state of agitation on the subject, I will simply state a few facts which came under our observations.

Seance No. 1—composed of fourteen persons, occupied ninety minutes. Fifteen spirit forms appeared, including three former members of our Society. One, whose obituary appeared in the June *SHAKER*, 1877, being short in stature and much deformed, with peculiarities known only to friends, seemed a perfect test of identity, especially when she told her name.

Seance No. 2—composed of eighteen persons. Twenty-two forms appeared, among whom were little children, gigantic Indians, and a number of our Brethren and Sisters. Some of the latter spoke to us, sending messages to Brethren and Sisters at home, calling us by name and giving their names. Others came across the room, shaking hands with us and others present.

Things comical, serious, pleasant and grave were curiously blended. They sang, joked, played musical instruments, when there were none in the cabinet, laughed, and gave good advice to all present.

In both of these seances, there came a spirit who spoke audibly and seemed sad and distressed in mind. He wanted to say something privately, but could not, on account of those present.

Seance No. 3—held for us in particular, in the day-time. Only two other persons were present, making five in all. The spirit aforesaid came early in the sitting, and begged the forgiveness of one of our company, (to whom he had formerly held intimate relation,) for grievous wrongs; and in such a spirit of deep contrition that the scene was truly affecting. The spirit declared his inability to progress, or be released, until he heard, orally, the words of forgiveness.

Children, two years of age and upward; Shaker spirits, in their peculiar costumes; Indians, in their dress; spirits with bouquets of flowers in their hands and wreaths of flowers upon their heads, which they removed for our examination; spirits with long, trailing hair, divers peculiarities of form, dress, name and mien, helped to make up an unmistakable manifestation of spirit identity, in "FORM MATERIALIZATION."

THOMAS SMITH.

Any person gifted with ordinary common sense can perceive that life is short, that time flies, that we ought to make good use of the present; but it needs the union of much experience with the most consummate wisdom to know exactly what ought to be done and what ought to be left undone, the latter being frequently by far the more important of the two.

WAS IT A DREAM?

WM. ADLER.

About a year since, while a resident of Harvard, Mass., I experienced a very remarkable dream. I seemed to be walking beside the bank of a beautiful river, in an exceedingly straight and narrow, but well-worn path. Feeling unusually calm and happy, I prolonged the walk, admiring, meantime, the lovely scenery around, when suddenly my attention was arrested by a large number of snakes, which darted across my pathway, to my great discomfort and alarm. These disagreeable reptiles were of every variety of form and size. Anon, some glided into the water near, while others came out, and some of the most hideous of these confronted me, and darted toward me their forked tongues. Here, then, was a dilemma, from which I saw no means of escape. To proceed farther was impossible, though I was very anxious to do so; and to go back was equally difficult. At my right, still sparkled the beautiful river; at my left, a dense forest stood. What could I do? Absolutely nothing, but stand still, terrified and bewildered, unable to move in any direction. At this point, the dream abruptly closed, and I was left to ponder upon its singular character.

However, some six months later, the same dream recurred again, and with it came what I am inclined to consider an interpretation. For, beside the view of the straight and narrow path, I saw, at the end of the same, a most beautiful land; and while contemplating this new feature of the scene, I distinctly heard a sweet voice say, "William, take courage; turn not back—neither to the right nor left—but press steadily on, and you shall dwell with me in the bright and beautiful land which you now behold." The glorious scene again vanished from my view, and I resolved anew to press onward toward perfection.

Perhaps I should remark, just here, that previous to the repetition of the dream, I was becoming somewhat discouraged in my attempts to be a real, self-denying Shaker, or christian—synonymous terms—and consequently feeling my way hedged up, decided that I would leave the Shaker church and return to the life of the world. But by the recurrence of the dream, I was made to realize that the disagreeable reptiles only represented how loathsome are the passions and appetites of the carnal mind to Him who has risen triumphant over selfishness and sin, and I took heart again and recommenced my journey.

Permit me to say, therefore, in conclusion, to all my Brethren and Sisters, who have commenced to travel in this narrow path: Do not mind obstacles, nor for a moment think of turning back. Let us press steadily on till we reach that bright and beautiful land; or, more practically speaking, till we gain that enviable position for which we should all aspire, namely: perfection in purity.

THE PENTATEUCH.

The first five books of the Bible are called by this name. It was derived from the Greek words, "penta," meaning five, and "teuchos," a volume, that is, a five-fold volume. Universal and ancient tradition declares this work to have been written by Moses.

It was the general custom with the Hebrews to designate any portion of the sacred literature by the first words in them. The first word in Genesis, in Hebrew, is "Bereshith," translated, "In the beginning." The first book in the Hebrew Bible has no title. The word "Genesis" was prefixed by those who translated it into Greek. This book contains an account of the creation of the world, and of man, the history of the deluge, and the patriarchs to the death of Joseph, and includes a period of 2135 years.

Exodus is so called because it contains an account of the departure of the children of Israel from the land of the Egyptians, to the land of promise; the term is taken from the Greek word *exodos*, signifying an exit. The Hebrews call this book *Veele Semosh*, the words with which it commences, meaning *these are the names*. Its history includes a period of 145 years: from the death of Joseph to the erection of the tabernacle in the wilderness. The slavery of the Israelites described in the first chapters, is supposed to have continued 90 years.

Leviticus treats of the offices, rites and ceremonies of the priests and Levites under the Jewish law. The Hebrew term is *Vi-yikra*, "and The (the Lord) called," with which words it commences.

Numbers begins and concludes with the numbering of the people. The word *Numbers* is derived from the Greek of the Septuagint, *Apimoi*. Its Latin rendering in the Vulgate is *Numeri*, from which the English is derived. The history in this portion of the Pentateuch extends over about 39 years. In the first nine chapters various orders of people are described, and several laws are given or repeated. From the tenth to the thirty-third, the marches and history of the Hebrews are related.

Deuteronomy signifies a second law. This book comprises a series of addresses delivered to the assembled Israelites by Moses, when he knew that he must shortly leave them, and they were upon the eve of departure for the promised land. It contains his appointment of Joshua to succeed him; also, his death.

There need be no doubt about the authenticity of this book, from the fact of Moses' death being described therein, as it was probably added by Ezra, the transcriber.

Canterbury.

SHORT SERMON.—Who is blind? He who is bent on doing what he should not. Who is deaf? He who does not listen to what is beneficial. Who is dumb? He who does not know how to say kind things at the proper time.—*Ancient Hindoo Writing.*

THE CHILDREN'S GROTTO.

My dear Children:

I have a few good words to say to you, in this, the last paper of the year 1877. When next we meet for counsel, it will be under very improved conditions. I want to suggest to each of you, the good idea of saving a copy of every number of THE SHAKER, keeping it nice, untorn, unsoiled in all its parts; and at the end of the year, binding, or having them bound for you, making you a very valuable book. I am aware you love the music; that you sometimes have cut the music out to put into other books; nor you alone—some "children of larger growth"—men and women have done this—but there will be no inconvenience of form, hereafter to be contended with.

I would have you, dear children, study the beautiful in all around you—the beautiful in language, form, behavior; and to be most agreeable to those you know or believe to be better than you are. Remember to love the good in every one; for by truly loving this good, we will surely grow and become like unto that which we love. Who say they love Jesus, and do not grow more and more like him, are mistaken, in that they think they love him.—EDITOR.

My dear young Friends:

In our little messenger, "THE SHAKER," I have noticed with pleasure the "Children's Grotto," in which you have been occasionally addressed by some kind friend, who has endeavored to impart something useful for you to learn and practice.

I say kind friend, because he would not have noticed you thus, were it not that he loved you, and wished to make you wiser, better and more happy. It has been very truly remarked, that "To be good is to be happy;" because to enjoy abiding happiness we must become virtuous. You see, there are different degrees of goodness, as good, better, BEST. Strive to attain the highest degree.

Some of you may ask: "What shall I do to attain it?" I answer, you must simply do right in all things; and to do right is to do as well as one knows. As you increase in knowledge, so you may grow in goodness. All children have not the same opportunities to receive instruction. Some have more, some less. To become good, dear young friends, you must be truthful, honest, obedient, peaceable, kind and dutiful.

Some children incline to become mischievous, and take pleasure in doing naughty tricks. Some learn to curse and swear, lie, steal and fight. These are very wrong; degrading to your nature! If you do wrong, and are sensible of it, you should confess it to your parents or elders, and strive in future to do better. You don't want—not one of you—to grow up to be like an ugly Thistle, piercing everybody's heart or fingers! You must aspire, dear children, to become intelligent, respectful and obliging; then you will rise in the estimation of all good, honest people.

I don't know of any harm in children being play-some—full of frolic and life, at proper seasons; but you need not be tumultuous, malicious nor quarrelsome at any time. The little lambs of the fields, play and gambol in the green pastures. Did you never notice how they skip about, and run from hill to dale, and from hill to hill? I presume, you have. How very harmless they appear! I don't think you ever saw two lambs fight. I never did, and I am now more than "Three score and ten" years old. Then why should children contend, and strive to hurt each other?

I well remember, when I was a small boy, living in my father's family, that when he was about to slay a calf or lambkin, to obtain fresh meat, I would try to be present. When taking out the tongue of the innocent creature, my father used to call to me, saying, "Here, my child, is a tongue that never told a lie." This would immediately set me to thinking, if mine was as innocent of that fault, as many others.

Now, if you wish to have people love you, and speak well of you, you must be good children. You can be so, if you will. "Where there is a will, there is a way." Your friends are all looking forward with anxious expectations to see what you will grow up to be, whether virtuous youth, honest, upright men and women—brothers and sisters in Christ—or otherwise. Oh! how it makes their hearts ache to see you pursue a wrong course! Yes, it causes even the angels to weep! For all that love you, desire your prosperity.

And now, my children dear,
I'll stop my musings here;
Wipe from my eyes, a tear,
And pray for you.
In heaven I hope to meet
You all in union sweet;
Walk there the golden street
In friendship true.

Shakers, N. Y.

D. A. BUCKINGHAM.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys;
Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, aboveboard, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys;
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys!

But, whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

—Leisure Hour.

BOYS' RIGHTS.

I wonder now if any one
In this broad land has heard,
In favor of down-trodden boys
One solitary word?
We hear enough of "women's rights,"
And "rights of working men,"
Of "equal rights," and "nation's rights,"
But pray just tell us when
Boys' rights were ever spoken of?
Why we've become so used
To being snubbed by every one,
And slighted and abused,
That when one is polite to us,
We open wide our eyes,
And stretch them in astonishment
To nearly twice their size!
Boys seldom dare to ask their friends
To venture in the house!
It don't come natural at all
To creep round like a mouse.
And if we should forget ourselves
And make a little noise!
Then ma or auntie sure would say,
'Oh, my! those dreadful boys.'
The girls bang on the piano,
In peace, but if the boys
Attempt a tune with fife and drum,
It's 'Stop that horrid noise!'
'That horrid noise!' just think of it;
When sister never fails
To make a noise three times as bad
With everlasting 'scales.'
Insulted thus, we lose no time
In beating a retreat;
So off we go to romp and tear,
And scamper in the street.
No wonder that so many boys
Such wicked men become,
'Twere better far to let them have
Their games and play at home.
Perhaps that text the teacher quotes
Sometimes—"Train up a child"—
Means only train the girls,
And let the boys run wild.
But patience, and the time shall come
When we will all be men,
And when it does, I rather think
Wrongs will be made right then.

RULES FOR GENERAL DEPARTMENT OF THE YOUNG.

"Be kindly affectioned one toward another."
Always give place to age. It should command respect at home and abroad.
Use no language in conversation that you would be unwilling to have reported before your friends.
Always consider yourself in company that you may have but one set of manners to cultivate, and those should be, true politeness.
Affectation arises from vanity, and should have no place in the department of those who wish to become honorable members of society.

Cultivation of the mind is as essential as food for the body. Ignorance and sin are closely conjoined. Be as careful in your selection for reading as in the food you eat.

Study to become a blessing to society. Be industrious. Be frugal. Be honest in all your dealings. Be neat. If you would be pure, first be chaste.

As the character of every individual will be estimated by an observance of the daily life, rather than by the protestations of innocence, you should always walk circumspectly. A modest reserve in the company of either sex, will always command the respect of the virtuous.

Accept with this, my young friends, the prayerful interest of your brother,
H. C. BLINN.

ANGER.—Children, be careful that this enemy of your peace does not become master of you. If so, it will govern you with a rod of iron, and drive out of your heart all the peaceful and happy inmates, as love, meekness, kindness, forbearance, mercy and forgiveness. Watch this enemy, and give it a blow while young, that will stop its growth. Never suffer it to triumph over you, and it will do you no harm.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray says that the religion of the future will be a Christianity that shall help the poor, etc., and that the theologians on Andover Hill will be taught how to minister to sick people in city tenement-houses; and the New England churches will learn that Christianity is not theology; not thinking and believing, but being and doing good.

FORM MATERIALIZATION.

[The following is a recent editorial in the Banner of Light. We have expressed our personal confidence in spirit materializations. We deem them, however, non-essentials to salvation. Others among the Shakers, deem them among the highest of providences; while others again do not believe in them at all or consider them fraudulent and impossible. We print a letter, elsewhere, received from a believing company.—ED.]

The frequent and sickening exposures attending this phase of spirit phenomena, are quite naturally staggering the faith of thousands of Spiritualists in the probability of such materialization in the past, or its possibility in the future. Even now there are old "dyed in the wool" Spiritualists, whose belief is anchored to a knowledge extending over a quarter of a century, who not only question the fact of spirit forms ever being materialized at any of our seances, but who are debating whether it is not a sacred duty they owe the cause and humanity, to organize combinations to travel the country and, as Spiritualists, expose the fallaciousness of the claim of form materialization. No phase of the phenomena has ever created a tithe of the bad blood and bickering among Spiritualists, as has this; needlessly so, we think. The difficulties have arisen rather through the ignorance of investigators and the dogmatic proclivities of a few self-appointed exponents. It seems to us, that when all the rubbish which environs the subject is removed by calm, careful, patient students, who are seeking for the truth and not to substantiate some pet theory of their own, which is often born of generations of narrow creedal training; when these investigators shall be composed of men possessing the zeal, persistency and devotion of some of the present champions of this phase, without their blind narrowness and want of capacity to comprehend the subject in its scientific aspects; when they shall bring to the subject abilities capable of mastering its subtle laws; in a word, when the investigation shall be pursued by strictly scientific processes, then we shall come to a better understanding of the matter; and by scientific processes, we do not wish to be understood as declaring that any written code of rules must be followed; in the very nature of the case, many of the laws governing the action of the student can only be learned by actual observation, and afterwards intelligently applied. The words science and scientific, have come to be looked upon by many Spiritualists with suspicion. They personify them in the persons of Carpenter, Lankester, and others, and feel that they do not wish to cultivate such narrow acquaintances; rather let us look to the fountain head for their true significance. There we find that science means truth ascertained; that which is known; knowledge; penetrating and comprehensive information, and the like. All of our readers will readily agree, we presume, that only by the application of science as thus interpreted, can we arrive at any satisfactory elucidation of this phase of spirit phenomena, or any other, for that matter.

From our standpoint, we cannot see how a Spiritualist can doubt the possibility of form materialization or scout some of the evidences that such materialization is already an accomplished fact. We, all of us, know of our own knowledge that spirits possess the power to communicate with us, and under proper conditions to do many things which are probably as difficult to accomplish as to materialize a form, and would be so acknowledged by us could we fully understand the process in each case. Why should form materialization be considered so remarkable? It is really only a mechanical process. Let the investigator be fully imbued with the knowledge that the form standing before him is not the actual identical spirit body of his friend put through some inexplicable process which renders it visible; let him realize still further that the materialized form shown, never belonged to that spirit, and consists only of chemical, electric and magnetic elements gathered from the atmosphere, the medium and the investigator; let him comprehend all this, and the mystery disappears to a great extent.

There is another feature of form materialization, a logical deduction from what has already been stated, and which we also state upon the authority of a spirit, which is that the spirit upon entering the materialized form, experiences the same sensations that mortals sometimes do on entering a strange house, or as one spirit graphically expressed it, "we feel as strange as you would if you had borrowed a suit of clothes that didn't fit very well, to go to church in."

The wonderful fascination of this phenomenon springs from the heart rather than the intellect of the investigator; all the pent-up affections of a sorrowing soul cry out for contact with the dear one, the cords of tenderness are strained to the utmost tension with the thought that the loved form may appear, may be seen and caressed, even though it be ever so lightly, or the vision ever so fleeting. When the investigator can comprehend that in caressing this form, he does not actually touch the loved spirit, nor come any closer, if indeed so close, as when said spirit is controlling a medium in the flesh, then will the fascination flowing from the heart and the sacred recollections of the past, vanish, it seems to us, to a great extent, if not entirely; and the pursuit of this phase will be, among intelligent people at least, from a purely intellectual standpoint.

The Czar of Russia thinks that Turkey hasn't had enough dressing.

ELEMENTS OF FOOD LOST IN COOKING.

Food must contain three classes of elements—those which will feed the brain and nerves, those which feed muscles and tissues, and those which furnish heat and fat. These elements may be found combined so as to be soluble in water, cold or hot, or both, and therefore if cooked in water, are lost. The muscle-feeding elements of all meats and fish consist in fibrin and albumen and in the flesh of all young animals, as veal and lamb, and in all kinds of fish albumen predominates.

Albumen is soluble in cold water, but coagulates and becomes solid in hot water. For example, the white of an egg, which is albumen, may be dissolved and lost in cold water, but on being dropped into hot water immediately coagulates and becomes insoluble. All meats, therefore, lose a portion of their nutrition, and some a very large portion, by being soaked in water, or by being put into cold water to boil, and if boiled at all, should be put into boiling water, unless the water in which they are boiled is to be saved as soup. In that case, the flavor and nutritive properties of the soup are much better by being first soaked in cold water and boiled in the same water.

Besides albumen, other valuable elements are lost in water, whether hot or cold, as is shown by chemical analysis. If the flesh of animals or fish be cut up fine, and washed and filtered, the water is found to contain not only the albumen, but the osmazome which gives the flavor, the phosphates which feed the brains and the nerves, and all soluble salts of the blood, while there remains nothing nutritious but fibrin and the insoluble salts, which constitute the basis of bones. By boiling, instead of roasting or frying meats or fish, we lose therefore that which gives them relish, much of the true nourishment, and some other valuable elements.

On the other hand, by soaking in cold water, and boiling gradually, and retaining the liquid, we get all the valuable properties of meat. The liquid contains all the soluble properties, and indeed all the important properties necessary for sickly or sedentary persons; and the solids contain the fibrin and lime which are wanted for muscular power and strength of sinew and bone.

Another practical error in regard to soups, relates to the nutrition in the gelatinous portions of soup obtained from the cartilages and tendons of the joints of meat, which are usually selected under the impression that the more gelatinous the more nutritious the soup, whereas it is found to be true that gelatine is in no sense nutritious. Its only use in the living system seems to be mechanical, forming protection to the joints as a kind of cushion, and attaching the muscles to the bones, and as food, answering as waste material to keep the bowels in action. This is true of all animal jellies, as calf's foot, isinglass, etc.—*Philosophy of Eating.*

OBITUARIES.

At Alfred, Me., JOSIAH BANGS, aged 84 years, 7 mos., on October 20th, 1877, and blessed is the memory of such!

At Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1877. SARAH ANN LEWIS, aged 84 years.

At Canaan, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1877. HANNAH BRYANT, aged 92 years.

[Besides being a beautiful mother in Israel, she was physically noted for never having taken an emetic, nor the loss of tooth!—[EDITOR].]

At Hancock Church Family, Oct. 19, 1877. POLLY BEERS, aged 73.

The two following notices should have been sent us sooner. Will our friend make it convenient to do better in future?

At West Gloucester, Me., CELIA SANDERS, aged 67 years, on Aug. 19, 1877.

At Enfield, Conn., PERSIS STEBBINS, aged 83 years, on Aug. 23, 1877. A believer for sixty-four years!

During a recent thunder-storm near Memphis, Tenn., a negro was severely kicked by a vicious mule, and just as he was picking himself up, a stroke of lightning hit the mule and killed him dead on the spot. "Well, dar!" exclaimed the negro, "ef dis chile hain't got powerful friends to venge his insults, den dere's no use tryin to hab faith in anything!"

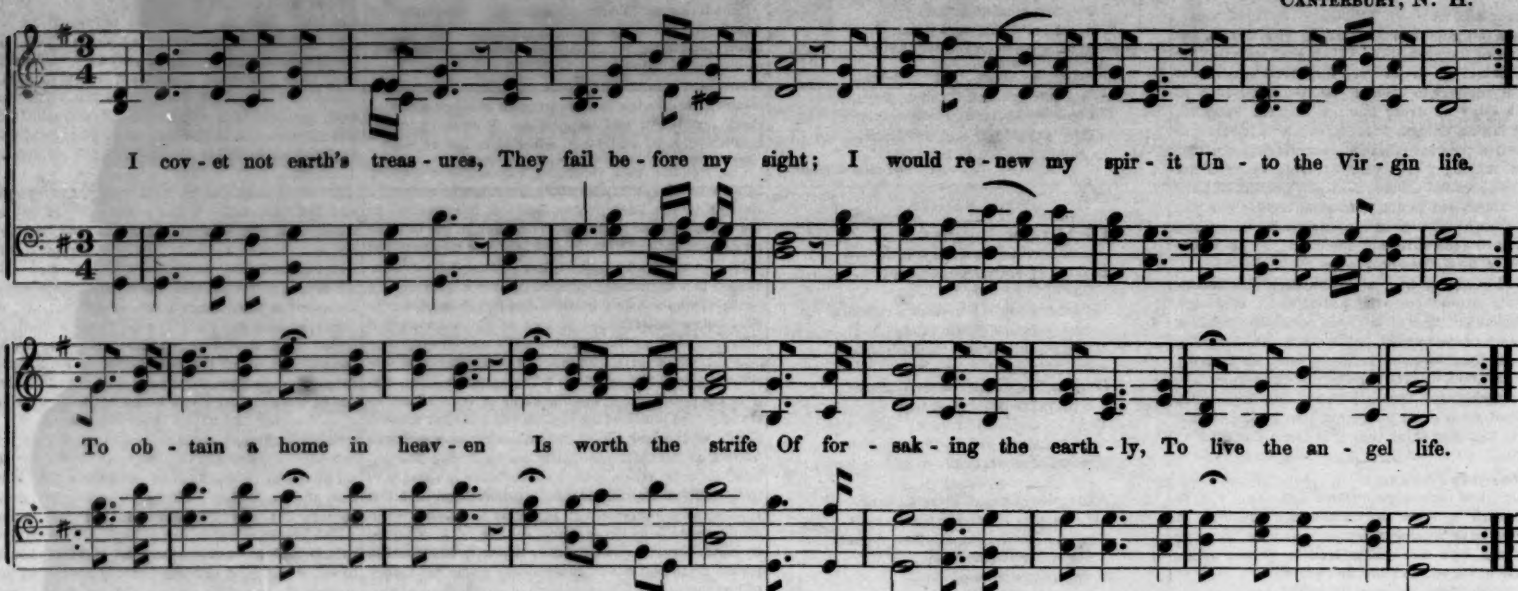
TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—In a recent number of the *English Workman*, Richard A. Proctor bewails some of his typographical misfortunes. One journal speaking of his charts of 22,434 fixed stars, made it "chart of 2,223 stars." This mishap he forgives in consideration of the dullness of a compositor's life; but the following he thinks a severe test of any one's good nature. He wrote of the solar spectra, "lines, stripes, and bands of the violet end of the spectra," which appeared when printed as "lines, stripes, and bonds for the violent kind of spectres."

Horse doctors, according to their own reports, are increasing and doing splendidly. But how about the horses?—*N. Y. Herald.*

What does it matter about the horses so long as the doctors thrive?

HEAVENLY HOME

CANTERBURY, N. H.



THE "BATTLE OF LIFE."

AGNES E. NEWTON.

The battle of life is not encountered upon a field, where human beings controlled by thirst for power and fame meet, and fall in deadly conflict. It takes place within the human soul; no one can escape it—all to a greater or less extent, must participate therein.

Our Savior ably illustrated this when he said: "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." Truly these are sufficient in might and strength to constitute a battle, requiring the utmost courage to engage.

Strong as are the enemies which beset the christian's path, if clad in truth's bright armor, the battle of life, to him, will be a success; the laurels of victory not imaginary attainments, but present realities.

How insignificantly slight 'will seem the battle, when the glorious end is achieved, and the Savior's words are the christian's to repeat: "I have overcome the world."

O, that all could be wise, old and young, especially we who are just entering life's battle field, and choose for our armor the one thing needful, the active principle of truth.

Canterbury, N. H.

PURITY.

L. CLAPP.

"Pure as the crystal waters,
White as snow my soul shall be;
When the struggle is completed,
And from earthly troubles free."

This was the aspiration and happy thought that filled my mind while in sacred worship this morning; a cherished hope of freedom and release from sin; a triumph over the earthly inheritance; with a robe made beautiful and pure by an upright life, of honest endeavor to do my christian duty before God.

O, Purity! in the depths of my soul thou hast an abode, the germ of a spiritual life imbedded in the heart's deep soil; beneath the light and brightness

of heavenly beauty, mayst thou blossom as the beautiful rose of Sharon.

As a star in the firmament, ever constant and enduring in its course, so would I have purity the all-controlling power of my life. I would be ever aspiring, through the sunshine and storm, up, up to the heights of virgin excellence; to an atmosphere where the spiritual element matures into the loveliness of the angel life.

Canterbury, N. H.

THE PHYSICAL RESURRECTION.

You may see, kind friends, that the world of mind is moving correctly, and pretty fast too. We clip from the *Albany Express*, and expect to hear of many similar departures from error unto reason:

"This was the subject of a sermon preached last Sunday evening by Rev. Mr. Morse, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church. The purpose of the discourse was to show that there is no resurrection of the natural body, or the body that is put into the grave. The positions taken were sustained by appeals to reason and scripture. The discussion of the same subject will be continued to-morrow evening."

It is one of the striking facts of christian experience, that sometimes the purest joys, like jewels in the mine, are to be found where all to the outward eye seems dark and forbidding. This is one of the wonders of divine grace. There is a "good," independent of outward conditions—a good which "moth and rust cannot corrupt," which bereavement and affliction cannot quite rend away. The soul holds it by a grasp that the fear of death cannot dissolve and by a title that no human decision can set aside. And it fills the soul; it satisfies the cravings of its immortal nature; it endures the test when all things else, —the prizes of effort, the triumphs of genius, the successes of enterprise,—mock the soul's cheated anticipations. To the very last, its value is undiminished and its luster is undimmed. It is a pearl of great price; it is the good part that can never be taken away.

TROUBLE.—In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, mankind make their own troubles. It is not in the nature of things that it should be otherwise. And yet we might be the most happy people that the sun shines on, if we pleased. Life would run smoothly in the

grooves if we would only let it; but we are not content to do so—in fact, contented with nothing! From the cradle to the tomb we are continually fretting about something. We are living at altogether too fast and too reckless a rate. We inflate the balloon beyond its capacity to bear, and then wonder that it collapses, and we get a fall. Contentment—to let things take their course—is a condition we have yet to learn. But how can we expect to be free from the trouble, so long as we are seeking for it! We are much like the son of the Emerald Isle, who was "niver at peace widout he was at war wid somebody." We constantly make trouble—get into hot water—and then grumble. But the world wags on just the same, and will unto the end, although we hasten our end by constant restlessness.

There is a structure which everybody is building, young and old, each one for himself. It is called *character*; and in it every act of life is a stone. If day by day we are careful to build our lives with pure, noble and upright deeds, at the end will stand a fair temple, honored by God and man. But as one leak will sink a ship and one flaw break a chain, so one mean, dishonorable, untruthful act or word will forever leave its impress, and work its influence, on our characters. Then let the several deeds unite to form a day, and one by one the days grow into noble years; and the years, as they slowly pass, will raise at last a beautiful edifice, enduring forever to our praise.

PRINTING AND JOURNALISM IN CHINA.—A Chinese printing office is a greater curiosity than one would think. The alphabet numbers way into the thousands, and a cap and lower case goes all the way round the inside of a two-story building, and half way up the roof. It takes an apprentice twenty years to learn the case, and then he has to use a step ladder to get at the higher branches. A case was pried once in Canton, and it took five days to remove the type from the body of the foreman. They punctuate wherever they can drop a dot, without regard to the prospective. When the editor coins a word, the printer whittles out a new character with his jack-knife. The journeymen set type by the square foot, and never belong to a union. They do their press work by hand, and use boxing gloves to ink the type. They have one paper in the empire a thousand years old, and the bound volumes half fill a pagoda. It is rumored that Bennett has started to edit that venerable paper. The editor's head is responsible for all items published in the paper, and is taken off whenever an article of news is published. Not an editor has been behead-

ed in China for the last five hundred years. The Chinese have just invented a twenty-five cylinder press for printing tea chests, with which they are able to print one a week.—*San Francisco Monitor*.

DRESSING WITH PLAINNESS.—It would lessen the burdens of many who find it hard to maintain their place in society.

It would lessen the force of the temptations which often lead men to barter honor and honesty for display.

If there was less strife in dress at church, people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend.

Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship, by the removal of many wandering thoughts.

It would enable all classes of people to attend church better in unfavorable weather.

It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptation to vanity.

It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptation to be envious and malicious.

It would save valuable time on the Sabbath.

It would relieve our means from a serious pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprises.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—God knows what keys in the human soul to touch, in order to draw out its sweeter and more perfect harmonies. They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftiest notes of joy and gladness. God knows where the melodies of our nature are, and what discipline will bring them forth. Some with plaintive tongues must walk in lowly vales of life's weary way; others, in loftier hymns, sing of nothing but joy, as they tread the mountain tops of life; but they all unite without discord or jar, as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed heaven.

HOLD ON, BOYS.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do you through eternity.

Hold on to virtue, for it is above all price to you, in all times and in all places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

